

THE LYCEUM BANNER.

VOL. I.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 1, 1867.

No. 3.



[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]
A VISIT AMONG THE FLOWERS.
BY LIZZIE MOORE.

ONE day I walked out in the flower garden, while the flowers were in full bloom; their bright, glowing petals, of a great variety of colors, shedding the richest fragrance around, seemed to invite me to their companionship; their upturned faces all looking so fresh and beautiful, seemed to whisper sweet words of peace and love; it was indeed pleasant and cheering to be among them.

I gathered a handful of the sweetest ones, and arranged them into a bouquet; each one in its turn, as I placed it with the others, seemed to teach me a lesson of goodness and truth.

Here is the blue-eyed astor, looking up in faith to God, teaching me a lesson of trusting confidence in the Author of every good and perfect gift. Let us be faithful in the cause of truth and justice, for even the sweet flowers speak this to our hearts.

And here is a magnolia, which tells us to "persevere,"—yes, my young friends, let perseverance be our motto, when good deeds are in view, placing this beside the other they form a

motto which it would be well for all to follow, faithfulness and perseverance in any undertaking will insure success.

Then here is the purple, mountain daisy, with its pledge of unity, bids me have a kind and loving heart for all, for we are all brothers and sisters, children of one common parent, our father God.

And here is the lily, which from its heart

seems to speak of a life of purity; my young friends, may all our acts be such that we would not be afraid to have our best friends see us at any time, for God and the angels know our very thoughts. Let us strive to conquer every evil in our nature, that we may be fit companions for the good and pure.

And this sprig of myrtle, with its flower of heavenly blue, softly whispers, "love in absence." Love your friends, little ones, though they be far from you; cherish their remembrance, and cheer them with kind and loving words on their return.

The jasmine modestly says, "Be amiable;" this sentiment all should strive to follow, for what is sweeter in one of God's children than amiability?

The pure and strengthening chamomile in meekness and gentleness seems to say, "By afflictions and sorrows, may you become purified." Is it not a beautiful thought that God's children may become more pure and true, by affliction? Oh, sorrowing heart! ask God and angels to assist you; in all sincerity, pray to your heavenly Father for guidance, and He will hear and answer your prayer.

And hear we will place the sweet forget-me-not, lovely little flower, what sweeter word could it utter as we present it in a bouquet to a friend?

"Forget-me-not!

When weary leagues between us both are cast,
And each dull hour seems heavier than the last,
Oh, then, forget-me-not."

The double red pink speaks of "harmony;" my little friends, may unity and kindness of feeling always exist between us, for without harmony, there can be no true happiness. Oh, would that older and wiser ones of God's children knew and felt this truth.

My bouquet is now nearly completed; but I will not forget to place here the little strawberry flower, which is emblematic of *perfect goodness*; let us strive to imitate the precept of this little flower, and be as true and perfect as may be. "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect," is an admonition, given us long ago, by a great and good man.

Flowers bloom for all God's children, for the poor as well as the rich, for you as well as for me, and all who choose may be blessed with their sweet fragrance, and beautiful colors. One author has said "they are the emblems by which angels speak to us," and when we are

thoughtfully looking upon them, may it not be that the angels are trying to impress us with beautiful thoughts? May it not be the angels that speak these beautiful sentiments, which we may hear if we but listen attentively?

The poet has beautifully said:

"Every rose, bud, and leaf is a line from on high,
The forest a lesson which brightens the eye,
The whole earth, a grand poem, which ever will be
Perused by the wise, the noble and free.
Our God is the Author, 'tis fresh from his pen,
Presented in love to the children of men."

Rochelle, Ill.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.



IN the country we see a great variety of birds, with the names and habits of which we are not familiar. I never see a bird without wishing I

knew its disposition and mode of life, on what it subsists, what other birds are its associates, and where, and in what manner it spends our long dreary winters. Now, by taking a little pains to collect facts and to remember them, we shall soon become quite well acquainted with our little feathered friends and hardly realize how the knowledge is obtained. I will tell the children, in this number of the LYCEUM BANNER, something about the humming-bird, the most interesting and universally beloved of the bird family. There are many varieties of the humming-bird; but only one variety is found in the United States. It is three and a half inches in length, of a rich green color with a fine, red gloss, giving him a very brilliant appearance; the feathers round the throat are of various bright colors mingled together; the bill is straight and slender; eyes small and jet black.

The humming-bird is a regular summer visitor in New England. It arrives there, about the middle of May, and remains until the last of August or first of September. It glides swiftly from flower to flower, while gathering its honey, without even lighting; the rapid motion of the wings produces a humming sound—whence the name, humming-bird. It is supposed by some, that they subsist only upon the sweet extracts of the flower, this is not true; they feed upon insects as well. Watch them as they dart at

little groups of insects in the air, to them, a sweet morsel, perhaps, as the honey from the tubular flower.

The humming-bird commences building its nest the first of June. It is usually built on the upper side of the branch of a tree; the whole nest does not exceed an inch and a half in diameter, and the same in depth on the outside; the inside is not more than three fourths of an inch in diameter.

The nest is made of lichens, and of a downy substance from the mullen, glued together, which gives it a mossy appearance; the eggs, pure white, are but two in number, and exceedingly minute, as you will imagine.

Diminutive as is the humming-bird, it is as brave as larger birds. On the approach of any intruder, the bird flies from her nest to defend her home from the enemy and thus unwittingly revealing the place where her eggs or young are deposited.

L. H. K.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

A PLEA FOR THE FASHIONS.

DEAR GIRLS.—Did you ever get vexed and discouraged when you tried to dress yourselves to please others, and really thought you looked very pretty, to get laughed at for your efforts, and that, too, without any just cause? You are told that it is wrong to complain of the weather or any of the inevitables of life; and so it is—and to me it appears just as absurd to pass unjust criticism on every new style of dress that appears. While we congratulate ourselves that our ideas on other subjects change, we very foolishly deplore that versatility of genius that creates new fashions. The fashion-makers are real artists, who perform greater uses for our race, than they receive credit for.

We have been told, ever since old Mrs. Eve is reported to have made aprons out of fig leaves, down to the present style of hair elevating and diminutive bonnets, that the fashions were absurd, and yet these critics never exercise their constructive faculties in giving us more becoming styles. The small bonnet of today, is ridiculed, so was the immense bonnet of thirty years ago and all the intermediate ones. Hoops, gored and trailing skirts have been condemned and worn, in our grandmothers' day and in our own. The prevailing style of dressing the hair, too, is always unbecoming, whether it is worn in a net or on the shoulders, in a

waterfall at the back of the head, pushed on the crown, puffed out with "rats," or combed down in a quakerish style—it is all wrong.

My childhood was passed among a class of religionists called Osgoodites, and though they possessed much amiability and many rare christian graces, I never could love them, owing, I have no doubt, to their plain, unchanging style of dress. The pretty faces of the young girls were rendered actually ugly by their unfashionable bonnets and all absence of ribbons, flowers or other ornaments. Children are repelled for the same reason, from those good sisters of mercy and charity.

I am no advocate of an excessive devotion to fashion, but am sure that a person neatly dressed in the prevailing style is more beloved, has greater influence for doing good, and is much more useful than when dressed in the swallow-tailed coat and huge bonnet of our grand-parents. Though so useful to the fashion-loving, I most emphatically condemn those styles which have a tendency to immorality or disease. One great destroyer of human life is the manner of cramping the chest as many of you do in corsets, until the life blood is unable to perform its proper function, and the victim reaps the reward of her folly, in consumption, insanity, tumors, cancers and numerous diseases known to intelligent physicians.

Do you desire pure complexions, red cheeks and bright eyes? Then give your lungs all the freedom they can have, that the blood can have a chance to circulate freely. Would you have your ideas clear, your wits sharp and your spirits light—give all organs their proper exercise, which they cannot have when bound in jean and whalebone. I think you would pity the poor Chinese women who go toddling through our streets like a child learning to walk—just because their feet were bandaged in their infancy, and their growth prevented. But better far cramp your feet than lungs—both of which are sins against nature, which fashioned us in the divine image.

Low-neck dresses and tilting hoops are breaches of modesty; these induce deformity and disease, and invite accidents, therefore should never be worn. Now, as girls naturally desire to be attractive in mind and person, study your own physiology, and discard all styles of dress that are injurious; while you are at perfect liberty to patronize those that are harmless.

When grumblers complain of your dress, ask for the reasons of their objections; if they are good, heed the advice they give; but if mere prejudice provokes their wrath, let them grumble on, while you follow your inclinations in matters of dress.

San Francisco, Cal.

F. M. K.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

BABY DAISY.

BY CARRIE ELLA BARNET,

Blue were her eyes, as the summer skies,
 And yellow her ringlets as gold;
 And the touching strain of her sweet refrain
 Was a heavenly wealth untold.
 Like a sunbeam out of a desert cloud,
 Came she when our hearts were sad;
 And over our love, there was towering above,
 A snow-drifted tomb, and a slab.
 And each silvery note, as it dropped from her throat,
 Tinkled with laughter, like bells;
 And she sat by the shore, without fear of the roar
 Of the waves as they nestled the shells.
 And now, by her brother, there resteth another,
 And once again we are sad;
 For over our love, there is towering above,
 A snow-drifted tomb and a slab.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

THE CELLULAR TISSUE.

This is one of the most interesting tissues of the living body, forming a vast net-work extending over all parts of the body—the skin rests upon this, which is a very elastic tissue, and thus gives it great freedom of motion.

The cellular tissue fills in the interstices between the muscles and other organs of the body, and thus gives roundness, and beauty to the human form. It is also spread out into membranes of various thickness, and thus forms the walls of division between the various organs of the body. Many portions of the cellular tissue, especially that under the skin, called on this account *subcutaneous*, encloses fat cells, and the largest amount of that substance accumulates in the covering of the intestines and in the subcutaneous cellular tissue, though in the latter, there are some interesting exceptions, as for instance: over the head and face, and especially on the nose, and the eyelids in which fat is never deposited in large amounts, as it would interfere with the functions of these organs. The eyes would become closed. But we shall speak of fat as a tissue in another article. Strictly speaking all the tissues of living organism are composed of cells, yet in many of the organs they are so changed as to lose their identity, as in the fibres of the muscles, the hard structures of the bones and teeth, all of which we expect to consider separately. To a very considerable extent the cells communicate with each other, and in a disease called dropsy, in which there is an accu-

mulation of water in the system; it passes down through these cells, which communicate with each other, and the feet and lower extremities are generally the first to become swollen.

Gradually the fluid rises and in many cases fills the entire cellular tissue of the body.

The frame work of the system, the cellular tissue, is interesting, but as it is modified considerably in the different organs of the body, that we are to consider, we shall leave it now, simply saying that every organ of the living structure is built from cells, and the cellular tissue is, therefore, the simplest tissue of the body, designed by the Author of our being, to be changed into all the various tissues of the body.

Without a cell we can have no organic life either in plant or animal. How the first cells were formed is a mystery which has not yet been solved; we know that radiating and revolving currents, acting on the plastic material, out of which the simplest organisms are formed, will produce such things, why, we do not know.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

TRUE POLITENESS.

How many times in life are we asked by others to do something for them, and we feel much more like not doing, than doing it. Why is this? simply because they have asked us, in a cross, surly manner. We do it, hoping that they will give us some acknowledgement of our having done them a favor. Do they give it? No!

Not long since, I chanced to stop at a house where there was a child of six summers. The mother called the child, and asked if she would "please bring in some wood;" the little girl went, and returned in a few minutes; "Thank you, my darling," the mother said; the child, after having laid aside the wood, went to her mother and said: "Ma, I love to work for you, because you are so polite, you always say "please and thank you." I could not tell you how I felt at that moment, young as that child was, she knew who was polite to her. But how many children there are, of large growth, who do not know how to be polite. Riding in railroad cars, when they are very much crowded, we see persons, and I am sorry to say the greater number of them are ladies, who occupy whole seats, not willing to share them with their weary, fellow passengers. Again in walking, if a lady meet two men, one or both will step aside, and give

her a passway, but if we meet two ladies, ten chances to one, we have to step out into the street to let them pass. I hate fashionable politeness; it never excites my good feelings; it seems so shallow.

There are some persons, who are called very polite, but I am afraid if we should see them at their homes, we should think differently. It seems to me that our homes should be the place to be courteous, and that kindness is the foundation of true politeness. Would it not be better for us, if we would give a pleasant smile, a kind word, or look to earth's weary travelers, with whom we come in contact? and they, with the child, could utter the kind words: "you are so polite to me."

MAGGIE E. HOLLAND.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

TIT FOR TAT.

A TRAVELER was journeying along in the central part of the state of New York, where some of the old, frame houses, are built with a large brick oven, either entirely separate from the house, or against the end, or back part of it.

In this instance, the oven was attached to the house, and roaring away with a huge fire; it looked as though the house was on fire, to one who did not understand about the "out door oven."

The traveler, who was familiar with the country, was disposed to have a little innocent fun, and seeing a young lad in the door-yard, called out: "I say, young man, don't you see your house is on fire there?"

The boy turned toward the house, and said; "Is it? where?" with some earnestness.

"Why, *there*, don't you see?" said the traveler pointing to the oven.

The lad "saw the point," and the traveler, with a good laugh at the expense of the lad, passed on.

In a day or two after, the lad was standing in the yard again, and saw the same traveler returning, and resolved to "pay him back in his own coin," for the joke about the oven.

The lad stepped down through the front gate, and, as the traveler came along, began looking earnestly under the wagon, as though he saw something out of place.

"What is the matter?" said the traveler.

"I was looking at one of your wagon wheels, Sir; I think you had better see to it," said the lad.

The traveler, at once got out of the wagon, and began examining the wheels. The road being quite muddy, it was anything but a pleasant undertaking.

After looking carefully at all the wagon wheels the traveler turned to the lad, who had retreated within the gate, and said to him: "What did you see my lad? I don't find anything wrong."

"Well Mister, guess there aint nothin the matter;" said the lad; "and there *want nothin the matter with our house, 'tother day nuther.*"

The traveler was almost disposed to be angry, but good sense prevailed instead, and he said: laughing as he cleaned the mud from his boots-

"Well my lad, you have paid me off with good interest."

UNCLE WILLMER.

SING AWAY YOUR GRIEF.—We can sing away our cares easier than we can reason them away. Sing in the morning. The birds are the earliest to sing—the birds are more without care than anything we know of. Sing in the evening. Singing is the last thing the robins do. When they have done their daily work; when they have flown their last flight, and picked up their last morsel of food, and cleansed their bill on a napkin of a bough, then on a topmost twig, they sing one song of praise. I know they sleep sweeter for it. They dream music; for sometimes in the night they break forth in singing, and stop suddenly after the first note. Oh! that we might sing evening and morning, and let song touch song all the way through.

As I was returning from the country the other evening, between six and seven o'clock, bearing a basket of flowers, I met a man that was apparently a tender of a mason, he looked brick and mortar all over! He had worked the entire day, and had the appearance of a man that would not be afraid of work. He was walking with a lithe step, and singing to himself as he passed down the street, though he had been working the whole day, and very nearly the whole week. Were it not that my good thoughts always come too late, I should have given him a large allotment of my flowers. If he had not been out of sight when the idea occurred to me, I should have hailed him and said; "Have you worked all day?" Of course I have, he would have said. "Are you singing?" "Of course I am." "Then take the flowers home and give them to your wife, and tell her what a blessing she has in you."—[Beecher.

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LETTERS FROM THE CONVENTION—NO. 2.

DEAR READER—I am not going to give you long extracts from the excellent lectures that are being given at this meeting. The children do not care to read them; those who do will find them in the *Banner of Light*, faithfully reported by Dr. Child. Some of the short speeches are not to be pen-pictured. I would as soon attempt to set to music the song of Old Boreas, when he is on a northern raid, as to think of repeating some of the speeches here made—the thunder, the lightnings, the voice of many waters may be seen and heard, but may not be written. But the storm element was good. In some cases, it proved the individualism—the spirit to defend the right; in others the pent-up fires had way, which is beneficial always. Brother Barnes reminded me of a small planet burdened with a surplus of caloric; but he did not suffer long, for from the commencement of the Convention, he has, Vesuvius-like, sent forth smoke, fire, and made strange threatening sounds. No one has been in the slightest degree harmed, and he, like our good mother, earth, will be better for the ventilation. A California brother was, tempest-wise, related to Mr. Barnes; but he, too, was a harmless irrepressible. These, and other like spirits, have a "mission," but would it not be wise for them to hold their conventions independent of all the world besides?

But the Convention has its sunny side. Down-right good things have been said; holy heart-deeds done in sweet charity's name. And, then, the Mussulmen at Mecca are not happier than are we Christian pilgrims at this shrine of friendship. The farmer has left his plough, the student his books, mothers their multitude of cares,—the city and country, from Maine to Mexico, have their representatives in this Convention. With our brother Peter we all feel

that it is good for us to be here; from the cloud overshadowing us we hear the voices of the risen 'dead calling us to the mountains of Truth. I bless the inventor of National Conventions. Let us have them yearly; if calms and sweet breezes are for us, well; but if we must have the muttering of the clouds, let us accept *that* too; a few squalls will frighten none but the faint of heart.

One man—an old prophet in Zion—said: "This convention has done a good work; when the battle-smoke clears away we shall see the clear sky and know that the angels are with us." It is not needful to wait the clearing away of fog and smoke. We see, amid the "battle-smoke," that Truth is still enthroned; and, notwithstanding the din and discord, we hear the sweet voice of Love pleading for little children.

Mrs. Mary F. Davis made a good and very acceptable plea for the true education of children. Mr. Davis, Mrs. E. C. Clark and Mr. M. B. Dyott have all urged the necessity of laying broad, deep, strong, the foundation of the humanitarian temple. They want the children to have beautiful things, bright colors, sweet songs, pictures, and harmonious music. Mrs. Clark said she would go without her dinner to indulge her children in their love of pretty things. I like this motherly love; and I mistake if Mrs. Clark has not the key to the child-heart. I saw a dear, little boy to-day. He was as happy as a bird. What do you think made the little fellow so joyous? Why he had a blue ribbon round his head, the ends floating in the morning breeze; and, then, he saw a little girl "dressed so nice," and he had obtained the promise of a pair of red boots just like the pretty girl's.

Now, according to Mrs. Clark, and Mr. Davis, it is better to charm and attract the child into pleasant places than to drive or frighten them into the kingdom of heaven. If this Convention does nothing more, it has already done a vast amount of good by urging the claims of dear, little children to our consideration. The angels, *here* and *there*, will bless every hand that is outreached to lift the baby world into the clear sky of love and beauty. B.

PERSONAL. In October—"the ominous month of October"—Hudson Tuttle will speak in St. Louis, and Mrs. H. F. M. Brown in New Boston, Ill.

OUT! OUT!

Those who find a red X on their papers, will read it thus: "My time of subscription for the *Bouquet* has expired, and I must now subscribe for the LYCEUM BANNER."

EXPLANATION.

The idea has by some means got into a few heads that the LYCEUM BANNER is the *Little Bouquet* with a new name—that we belong to the Central Publishing House, and that we are in some way, responsible for the disappearance of the *Spiritual Republic*.

The facts are these: We, sisters, have long wished to publish a paper for the young people, we had made arrangements to do so when the *Little Bouquet* made its appearance. Knowing that two such papers would not be supported we relinquished our plan—waited our time. The time came, those having financial charge of the *Bouquet* proposed to us to take what was due from Lyceums and agents, and supply the subscribers with our paper. This we promised to do. We find \$800 due to the subscribers; the indebtedness of agents and Lyceums, \$64, leaving us to pay \$736. Of this we do not complain; we hope for the patronage of these subscribers after their time for the *Bouquet* expires.

We are in no way connected with the Central Publishing House.

With its disasters, and inharmonies we are, fortunately unlinked. It is now *dead*. We hope that the storms and perplexities, that characterized it, will also die and be forgotten, and, that from the ashes of the dead institution, the flowers of peace will spring.

OUR PROSPECTS.

"What are your prospects?"

"Will the LYCEUM BANNER live?"

These are the first questions, that many of friends ask. It is not strange, all things considered, that these are common queries. We know how many reform papers have gone the way of all the earth; but these were grown peoples' papers, ours, is for the *growing*; the young people are steadfast in their love, and they will love just such a paper as we are going to make, and then they, (bless their brave hearts) will not see "fail," written on our BANNER.

But to tell the whole story, the grown folks—the faithful friends of children—have just put

"shoulder to the wheel," and helped us into clear water.

To-day has been one of the auspicious days; it has brought good words, a good list of subscribers, and *cash*. For these blessings we are under lasting obligations to Mrs. S.E. Warner; Mrs. Mary H. Foster; E. V. Wilson; Mrs. A. A. Wheelock; Moses Hull; J. M. Peebles; Dr. H. T. Child; A. James; and Mrs. Harriet Newell Hamilton. May these good friends be blessed by the "Well done," of those who have been benefitted by their love-labors.

CHICAGO LITERARY CIRCLE.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing quarter: Mrs. Dye, President; Mr. W. Buffum, First Vice President; Mrs. Harris, Second Vice President; Mr. G. W. Clark, Recording Secretary; Mr. S. Harris, Corresponding Secretary; Miss E. B. Tallmadge, Treasurer; Mr. Clark, Editor; Mrs. Ingersol, Assistant Editor; Mr. S. Harris, Director of Recitations.

This young Society is doing well, and under its able President, is likely to become a great success and a true helper of the organization which has given it birth. Its meetings are held with regularity, and its business always discussed with intelligent inquiry before it is promptly disposed of.

Any one not a member will always find a cordial welcome at its meetings, and the cost of initiation fees is so trifling, that it will deter no one from joining this interesting family, social, musical, and "Literary Circle."

LITERARY.

The *Banner of Light* commences this week its 52d volume. The editor says:

"Ten years and a half of incessant toil and perplexities innumerable! yet the BANNER, notwithstanding the many storms and conflicts it has passed through during that time, still fearlessly waves at the masthead of the good ship SPIRITUALISM."

No wonder the *Banner* lives, it could not die if it would, with one brave, little woman and four strong men as editors, and then the people have too much sense to let their guiding Star of the East go down.

It is more noble to make yourself great than to be born so.

[Written for the Lyceum Banner.]

ACROSTIC.

BY S. W. S.

Teacher of Youth, we hail thy genial face;
 Hail! beautiful harbinger of truth and grace!
 Each word, each line, each sentence is a pearl
 Let down from Heaven for every boy and girl;
 Yielding a treasure of the richest joy
 Cull'd from the realms of peace without alloy.
 Ever be thou a guide to each young heart;
 Unto each one a helping hand impart;
 Measure to us the rarest gifts of love,
 Bright as the stars that deck the blue above.
 Art lends her skill to burnish and delight;
 Nature comes in to make each picture bright.
 Name of all others—**BANNER** of our band—
 Engraved upon thy fold with skillful hand,
 Revealing what each child should strive to be
 —Thy wondrous **POSSIBLE**, Infinity.

FRIENDLY VOICES.

J. M. P.

The Cleveland storm, with its inharmonies and hoarse, muttering thunders, hangs over me like a pall; but there is sunshine above the clouds. The talk upon the Lyceum was the most interesting. Oh, the dear little children! how zealously we all aught—and how nobly *you* and your sister are writing for them! The Lyceum loved ones in heaven bless you daily. I shall do all I can for the **LYCEUM BANNER**.

J. M. P.

MRS. A. A. W.

I most sincerely hope that you will be successful, for your own sake as well as for the children, and I feel confident you will. We will assist you all we can, not only by many kind wishes for your success, but by obtaining subscribers for you. We commenced six weeks ago with sixteen scholars, and now have about fifty. We are getting along very nicely, and all of us feel much encouraged. We are intending to go to Clyde in two or three weeks, to have a picnic with the Lyceum there, who have very kindly invited us.

Truly Yours, MRS. A. A. WHEELOCK.
 Toledo, Ohio.

MRS. GRAY.

DEAR CHILDREN! At the close of a sad and weary day, I received a letter from one who loves you well, asking me to send something for the little paper devoted to you. I was then passing through one of those afflictions, which crush out all hope and life, founded merely upon earthly attractions. I thought at first I could not write one pleasant word of encouragement, or instruction, for you. Then I

looked out upon the smiling earth and saw no discord there. Floating out from green tree, and shrub, and all the endless variety of plants and grasses, a soothing power of healthful, fresh inspiration, which touched the benumbed soul, and brought one gleam of light and life back to its sorrowing depths.

Then one after another came stealing in the perfume of flowers, whose variety, sweetness, and beauty of coloring, are too often overlooked in our busy hurrying to and fro, and sky and water mingled in their softened tints and shades, while over all, God's glorious sunshine threw a golden halo of promise, and I said to myself, "Shall the ever-living soul quail and give up to despair, because a flickering shadow rests for a moment upon its horizon?" and from the soul's depths came the responsive "No!"

Thus strengthened, I rose out of the darkness, and with eyes fixed upon the long glorious future, resolved to put quietly aside, with diligent fingers, each obstacle as it might arise in my pathway, and to walk cheerfully and hopefully on towards the land where shadows may not come.

My little friends, the object in giving you this recital, is not to sadden your sympathetic hearts, but to show you that no station, or age in life, is exempt from trials in some form, and that there is great power in a strong purpose, when well directed, to turn to advantage what are to us seeming ills.

Children, too, have their trials; and their little griefs, at which older persons laugh sometimes, are as great to them as to us the troubles of mature years. I once knew a little girl who almost broke her heart with weeping, because a naughty, teasing brother imposed some great indignities upon her Dolly, at last suspending it by the neck from the ceiling, like a malefactor.

Sometimes children have real cruelties practiced upon them by thoughtless older people, or by vicious companions, and then their little forlorn hearts are in agonies of suffering.

I trust no children, who read these lines, will ever for a moment cause pain to others, for so surely as they do, it will one day return in some form upon themselves. Children vary in their temperaments, like older people, and have not acquired the same powers of control, and I must add concealment; therefore, in your little plays, you will always observe some so sensitive

in their natures that they shrink from the rough outbursts others delight in, and many a little one in consequence has its spirit crushed and bruised.

Your innocent, childish sports are all proper and necessary, and if you learn to be considerate of each others feelings, by and by, when some great grief or trouble comes to you, the same tendencies may be dealt out to you in return, and the angels having you in charge, will give you compensation for every thought, and word, and act, of gentleness and love.

A. C. GRAY.

NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

CHILDREN'S LYCEUM PICNIC AT WEBSTER PARK, WORCESTER, MASS.

On a fine August morning, the Worcester Lyceum assembled at their headquarters, Horticultural Hall, to await the arrival of Lyceums from Putnam, Conn. and Springfield, Mass., due at 9:30 A. M., after which they embarked *en masse* on board the horse cars, their banners streaming, and the fair, sweet faces of the children beaming with smiles and merry-making, was an evidence that this day was to be their day.

After a pleasant ride of two miles, arriving at Webster Square, they were marshaled in marching order, numbering three hundred, (including the friends,) under the escort of Shrewsbury Cornet Band, were marched one-fourth of a mile to the Park, one of the most beautiful groves in New England.

Immediately before entering the grove, the Worcester Lyceum while marching were divided in two lines, halted in military order, leaving a space for the passage of the other Lyceums, who were then marched into the grove. Their lines also halted, which, be it said to their merited praise, would do credit to a company of well-drilled soldiers. The Worcester Lyceum again taking up the march through their space, and on marching and counter-marching till all the lines were contracted in front of the speakers' stand. Then they were ready for the following exercises, which were commenced with singing by the children and friends, "The Sweet Summer Land." The next in order, were remarks by the Conductor, E. R. Fuller, of the Worcester Lyceum, who, in a very happy and appropriate manner, welcomed the several Lyceums to our midst. Following this, was an

original poem prepared for the occasion by Mrs. S. A. Lucas, of Worcester Lyceum.

The company was dismissed till 2 o'clock P. M. The spacious pavillion was soon filled to overflowing. A fine quadrille band, furnished for the occasion, discoursed excellent music and many joined in the merry dance. Another important part in the programme, soon demanded their special attention; that of refreshing the "inner man," and was speedily responded to. Tables were adroitly spread and the party were soon discussing the choice variety of edibles set forth by the excellent caterers, the mothers and daughters, that would tempt the most fastidious appetite. At 2 o'clock, they reassembled in front of the speakers stand, where singing and declamations from the several Lyceums were listened to with profound interest by the friends and spectators who gathered around with eager curiosity. All could not but acknowledge (even those that listened with no other purpose than to criticise and condemn,) the superiority of talent evinced by those young minds—the grand result of this progressed system of education that allowe of "*no pent up creeds to contract their powers*"—but with spontaneous thought evolved from the infinite depths of the human mind, truths that while they shock their old, time-worn prejudices, found lodgement in the heart and brain, and will in time bring forth fruit fit for the harvest. God bless the young minds that were there seen on that day. O who can tell the glory and magnificence of this Progressive Lyceum! MRS. A. A. STEARNS, *Guardian*.

Worcester, Mass.

LYCEUM PICNIC.

The Milwaukee Progressive Lyceum, have had a fine picnic agreeably to announcement. Quantins park, and Severance and William's brass and string bands were engaged for the day; at 9 o'clock A. M., the school assembled at the hall, and forming in procession, with flags and targets, marched to the street cars and with banners floating from the windows, and sweet voices joined in song, we soon arrived at the large, and commodious hall, situated in the center of these beautiful grounds.

After singing, and a few remarks from our Conductor, each went his own way for amusements, till 12 o'clock, when all assembled again; each group around its respective target, when

song and gymnastic exercises prepared all to enjoy the nice dinner, with which the tables were bountifully loaded. The children were served first, as they were the guests for the day, and were also remembered, by their numerous friends, at the ice-cream stand.

After the tables were removed, all, from the little ones of five years, to the white haired sires, joined in the merry dance, till evening, with the exception, by request of visitors, of an intermission for another series of exercise, and marching. There were many present, who had never witnessed a like exhibition before, but the unanimous opinion expressed was that of pleasure and approbation.

One lady, an attendant of the Episcopal church, said: "After this my children will attend the Lyceum.

True evening and houses, were welcomed, from weariness of nerves and muscle, but hearts had grown strong and souls linked closer together, by this ever-mingling of sympathies in so good a cause as this, of making happy the little lambs of our flock.

LOUISA T. WHITTIER.

Milwaukee, Wis.

ROCK ISLAND LYCEUM.

DEAR LYCEUM BANNER: In response to your request, I send you the following, in regard to the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Rock Island, Ill.

The Lyceum was organized in February last. Meets every Sunday morning in Norris Hall, at 10 o'clock.

The children in attendance, number about fifty. At the expiration of the first six months, Aug. 11th, an election was held, at which W. H. Pratt was chosen Conductor; Mrs. Wilson, Guardian; Miss Cutter, Librarian.

The Lyceum is flourishing, and constantly increasing in numbers and interest. I sincerely hope, you may be able to make up a complete list of all the Lyceums in the United States.

It is confidently expected, that a Lyceum will be organized within a few months, in Davenport, Iowa, on the western bank of the "Father of Waters," directly opposite Rock Island. Yours Fraternally, W. H. PRATT, Conductor.

In jealousy there is more love of *self* than any one else.

—The "sugar wedding," occurring thirty days after marriage, is the latest fashionable folly.



THE WONDERFUL WORD.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

TWO sisters, Eve and Ella, were playing by a fountain that threw a jet of crystal water high in the air; falling in a *little* pond, in which beautiful goldfish sported.

Then they had a seat, and had taken their supper, to enjoy themselves alone. The sun was slowly disappearing in the branches of the great trees that walled in the world, at the west, and crimson clouds closed around him like a mantle, and so softened his rays, that you could look at his great, fiery face.

There sat the two little girls in a shadow around which, the light like gold dust flooded. Ella was slender, with dark hair, and eyes of night, but Eva was fair, with blue eyes, and clustering ringlets of sunny hair. There they sat, laughing, chatting; eating their supper as a pretense for being there.

They had nearly finished, when an old woman came slowly up the path. She could scarcely walk. Her clothes were tattered, her shoes were full of holes, and she appeared to have long felt the pangs of hunger.

"Good day, little girls," said she; "will you give a poor creature a crust of your biscuit, and a glass of water?"

"Not we," answered Ella; "papa told us not to give anything to beggars."

"Your papa is a hard hearted man," replied the woman; "he has never been in want himself. Had he been, for all this long day, without a morsel of food, and had he felt how these old limbs ached with the night's cold, he would be more merciful."

"Not he," replied Ella; "he don't like beggars."

Then Eva said, while her eyes filled with tears; "Dear mother, we have little left, but take what we have." While the poor woman was eating, she asked her: "Do you suffer as much as you say?" "Much more." "Then I will give you my shawl," and she wrapped it around the withered shoulders and arms.

When the old woman arose, she said in a sweet voice: "Ella, be careful, child, or evil will write itself on your face, and you will be detested. I thank you Eva, for your kindness, and if you continue on, I will bestow as a reward, a word which shall give you power over the whole earth, and you shall marry a prince, and be supremely happy;" saying which she departed.

The years went and came. The two girls pursued their different ways. Ella became a subject of passions, and was disliked by all who knew her. Eva often wondered if the prophecy would be fulfilled; she did not dream that she was constantly at work fulfilling it. What was this word, that would give her such power? How should she ever find it out? She wrote it herself!

One day her father gave her some money to buy a doll, but there was a poor girl in the school, whose slate was broken, and she thought it better to purchase a slate for this girl, than a doll for herself.

Thus she learned to sacrifice self to her love for others. At another time, when she became older, she waded through the deep snow to the cabin of old Mrs. James, to carry her a basket of nice things for Christmas. Once in a gay party, while walking in the street, she met a blind man, who wished to be guided to a certain house; the others walked past him, but she placed her white hand in his great brown one, and gently led him to the place desired.

A thousand such acts, wrote lines on her face lines of beauty, and if you placed all those lines together they made a golden word, which was *Love*!

I do not think Eva ever knew the word, though she exercised the enchanting spell it gave her the power to employ. It not only made her beautiful, it made all beautiful, who approached her.

"And how about the prince?" you ask; well, if I wanted to tell you a story, I should say a prince of a great kingdom, offered his hand and was accepted, and Eva became a princess, and wore a diamond crown, and a necklace of pearls. But I am not telling stories now, but the truth.

Eva married a prince, but he was not such a prince as the one you imagine. This prince was wrought for his kingdom. He did not covet hereditary titles. He believed in labor, so, when in the vast country in which he lived, it was found impossible to gather the harvest, and the grain went to waste in the broad fields, he wrought out of his brain, in iron, and brass, and wood, an engine to gather the harvest. Each engine would accomplish as much as a score of men, and he sent them out by thousands, and hundreds of thousands. They were his subjects, and they gathered in the harvest, as he commanded them, and a great nation rose up and honored his name, and kings on the other side of the globe, sent him tokens of respect.

Such was Eva's prince, and their friends used to ask: "Is this the reward of Love, or the wages of Labor?" so perfectly had their two hearts met.

A REPLY.

DEAR BANNER: I received the following inquiry of a friend:

"I perceive that you are devoting yourself to the *children*; do you not think you are rather out of your sphere?"

No, friend, not in the least. If I had choice in the matter, I should prefer the *Kinder garten*, but I have not. Nearly everything I write for the press, I write as a controlling influence compels me, and if one spirit friend desires to write philosophy, another poetry, and another stories for the children of our blessed Lyceums, I cannot see how I am getting "out of my sphere," by allowing each an opportunity to do so.

Faithfully, HUDSON TUTTLE.

PIN FAIR.

The enterprises of boys are never recorded, no matter how much energy, talent and taste they display. It gives me great pleasure to be able through these columns, to describe to other boys and girls, an enterprise on which I know there was a great deal of energy shown, but of the taste and talent, I will leave others to judge.

I had just attended the Rock Island Fair, and having examined the grounds, buildings, articles entered, and race-track, and inquired how it was conducted, I proposed to open a Pin Fair on an empty lot near my home. Johnnie Gow, brother Roddie and myself constituted ourselves a stock company, and agreed to plan, execute and control the fair without the assistance of the grown folks. We spread tables in the open air for display of articles, built an amphitheater of raised seats under some trees, and made a race-track in a circle, Oscar Dow as Marshal. Cousin Carrie printed some handbills, and the following was the price of entry and the premiums awarded:

Entry.		Premiums.
5 pins	Best collection of geological specimens.....	12 pins and best bouquet
4 pins	Sea shells.....	20 pins
4 pins	Pearl-lined river shells.....	10 pins
3 pins	Best collection of carnelians.....	10 pins
2 pins	Prettiest charm.....	10 pins
1 pin	Prettiest glass marble.....	6 pins
2 pins	Prettiest toy dog.....	6 pins
2 pins	Prettiest toy lamb.....	6 pins
2 pins	Prettiest toy chicken.....	6 pins
2 pins	Prettiest toy cat.....	6 pins
2 pins	Best puzzle.....	6 pins
1 pin	Prettiest bread-basket.....	12 pins
2 pins	Best piece of embroidery.....	12 pins
1 pin	Best crochet work.....	10 pins
1 pin	Best knitting.....	10 pins
1 pin	Prettiest pin cushion.....	10 pins
1 pin	Prettiest bead ring.....	6 pins
1 pin	Largest bunch of grapes.....	
1 pin	Largest apple.....	
1 pin	Largest pear.....	
1 pin	Bouquet, largest and prettiest.....	20 pins
1 pin	Prettiest butterfly.....	12 pins
1 pin	Largest live grasshopper.....	12 pins
1 pin	Largest locust.....	20 pins
1 pin	Prettiest bug.....	10 pins
1 pin	Smallest hen's egg.....	10 pins
1 pin	Best pen wiper.....	6 pins
3 pins	Best original drawing.....	10 pins and handsome bouquet
1 pin	Prettiest paper doll.....	6 pins
2 pins	Largest doll.....	10 pins
2 pins	Prettiest doll.....	12 pins
RACES.		
	Best runner, girl.....	40 pins
	Best runner, boy.....	40 pins
	Best dog in cart.....	50 pins
	Seal in amphitheater.....	2 pins
	License for refreshments, etc.....	20 pins

We only sold tickets to children in our neighborhood, because we were afraid we could not control a large crowd, without the assistance of the grown folks. The day was pleasant. The tables were covered with beautiful articles tastefully displayed and interspersed with splen-

did bouquets and wreaths. The most noticeable among the premiums awarded were to Nettie Guyre, for best embroidery and prettiest doll; to Lizzie Whitman, for best bead basket, best charm; to Charlie Riggs, for best collection of geological specimens, best original drawing, best puzzle, largest bunch of grapes and largest apples; to Lucy Harper, for prettiest toy lamb; to Jennie Gow, for best collection of sea shells and prettiest toy dog; to Minnie Hakes, for prettiest paper doll; to Cornelius Smith, for the best worsted knitting; to Mary Gale, for best bouquet; to Lucy Gow, best pin cushion, best crochet work; to Roddie Riggs, best collection of river shells, largest pear, largest toy chicken; to Clara Whitman, largest glass marble; to Minnie Gow, prettiest bead ring, largest doll, prettiest pen-wiper; to Carrie Conant, largest collection of carnelians; to Henry Carter, best crab apples.

Racing morning and afternoon. The best were Charlie Truesdale and Walter Kent—Kent won; Carrie Conant and Minnie Hake—Carrie won; Henry Truesdale and Cornelius Smith—Smith won; Lucy Harper and Nettie Guyer—Nettie won; Rodderick Riggs and Charlie Gale—Riggs won; Charlie Riggs and Charlie Truesdale—Riggs won; Homer Conant and Cornelius Smith—Conant won; Homer Conant and Charlie Truesdale—Truesdale won.

Our receipts were 187 pins. We spent a very happy day in the open air, increased our love of the beautiful, gave an impetus to our industry, and I hope improved our health and by social intercourse, our good manners. Next year, if we get larger grounds and if the grown folks will control it, we can open it to the public, and get up a big Pin Fair. CHARLIE.

CONTENTED.—A Swedish anecdote concerns a contented hewer of wood and drawer of water. "Is your work very monotonous?" some one asked him. "No, indeed, there is plenty of variety in it; sometimes it's wood, and sometimes it's water."

—It is pleasant to see refinement penetrating into retired homes. The more piano, the less wolf, the less dirt. The beautiful should never be out of thought.

The world is more apt to reward appearances than deserts.

Humility is the low, but broad and deep foundation of every virtue.

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

ENIGMA.

BY LORENZO CROWELL.

I am composed of twenty-four letters.

My 2, 1, 3 is an insect.

My 2 is a useful article.

My 8, 16, 23, 5, 14 is a boy's name.

My 11, 4, 7, 9, 17 is a flower.

My 12, 14, 10, 20, 22, 18 is a shell fish.

My 19, 16, 15 is a color.

My 7, 6, 21, 17 is used in the evening.

My 5, 18, 24 is a sly animal.

My whole I love to read.

ENIGMA.

BY S. W. S.

I am composed of fifteen letters.

My 11, 9, 11, 13, 1, 3, 11, 6, 8, 6, 8, 9, 10, 12, 15 forms this sentence—"A man ate a cucumber."

My 10, 5, 1, 2, 3, 12, 11, 8, 3, 12, 15, 3, 6, 11, 9, 6, 11, 9, 7 forms this sentence—"By the name the cat came."

My 4, 14, 1, 1, 15, 8, 3, 9, 18, 13, 15, 8, 1, 3 forms this sentence—"Let true men rule."

My whole should be in every household.

ENIGMA.

BY SAM. FORESTER.

I am composed of eighteen letters.

My 12, 4, 14, 18 is a steadfast expression.

My 5, 1, 13, 2 is often seen on the highway.

My 15, 17, 3 is a beautiful forest tree.

My 11, 10, 7, 8, 18, 1 is often found in dwellings.

My 12, 6, 2 is a natural product of a great variety of trees.

My whole is the title of an exquisite poem, by a writer for the LYCEUM BANNER, whose verse the children love to read.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

BY JOSEPHINE GALE, STAR GROUP BANGOR LYCEUM.

One-half the sum of two numbers is 600, and one-half the difference of the same numbers is 200; what are the numbers?

LETTER AND POEM FROM A LITTLE BOY.

I belong to the Philadelphia Lyceum, No. 1.
I also subscribe for the LYCEUM BANNER. I
thought I would compose a few verses. If you
think them worthy of publishing, I should be
much pleased to see them in some future num-
ber of the LYCEUM BANNER. I am not yet
nine years old. Have never been to school. This
is my first attempt at writing, so you will
excuse me.

Yours Respectfully,

FELIX EMMANUEL SHELLING.

A DREAM OF THE SUMMER LAND.

BY FELIX EMMANUEL SHELLING.

I dreamt last night of a world above,
Where angels dwelt in peace and love;
And all were dressed in purest white,
Beautiful and pure as light.

They were sporting on the green,
By a singing crystal stream,
Listening to the birds' sweet song,
Calling flowers as they passed along.

On every face were smiles so bright,
They tell of radiant spheres so light,
Reflecting on this heart of mine,
Untold pleasures of that life Divine.

I saw among that shining throng
My sister, fairer than them all;
She placed a wreath upon my brow,
Said: "Brother, dear, I am happy now."

TO LITTLE FOLKS.

FELIX EMMANUEL—I am glad that you
had so sweet a dream. I think Jesus said
'The pure in heart see God; the pure hearted
see the beauties of the summer land.

Your poem is not perfect, but good for a
little nine-years-old. Try, try again.

CARRIE E. B—Your sweet songs are very
welcome. We wonder how a little sufferer like
you can sing away dull cares.

CHARLEY—What a splendid affair your "Pin
Fair" must have been. We wonder that com-
plimentary tickets were not sent to the LYCEUM
BANNER.

JOSEPHINE GALE—You are right. How can
you, who live just at the edge of sunrise, be
expected to get the answers to enigmas here as
soon as the "Western children do their an-
swers." But, then, you down East get up
before we do out here. Now, darling, to make
amends: The puzzle in the last LYCEUM BAN-
NER has not been answered; we will send the
likeness of the author, Mrs. F. M. K., to the
first person from Maine who sends the answer.
Will you try for it?

C. H. L.—We do not print puzzles or enig-
mas if the answer does not come with them.
Write them on another piece of paper.

KATIE D.—Your poem lacks rythm. Study
the rules of poetry.

Wise sayings often fall to the ground, but a
kind word is never thrown away.

There is many a man whose tongue might
govern multitudes, if he could only govern his
own tongue.

Why is a bootblack like the sun? Because
he shines for all.

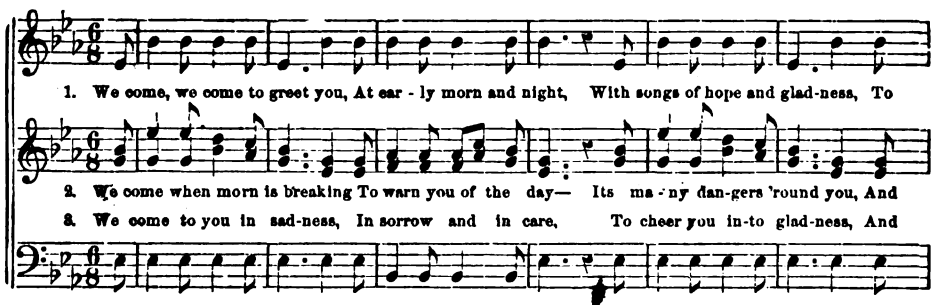
—Deep rivers move in silence; shallow brooks
are noisy.

The *Nation* says John Adams once remarked
to Mr. Sparks, looking at the portrait of Wash-
ington, "That old wooden-head got a good deal
of his reputation by knowing how to hold his
tongue." There are plenty of "wooden-heads"
now who are not so discreet.

For the Lyceum Banner.

THE SPIRITS' GREETING.

Words and Music by EMILY B. TALLMADGE.



1. We come, we come to greet you, At ear - ly morn and night, With songs of hope and glad-ness, To

2. We come when morn is breaking To warn you of the day— Its ma - ny dan-gers 'round you, And

3. We come to you in sad-ness, In sorrow and in care, To cheer you in-to glad-ness, And

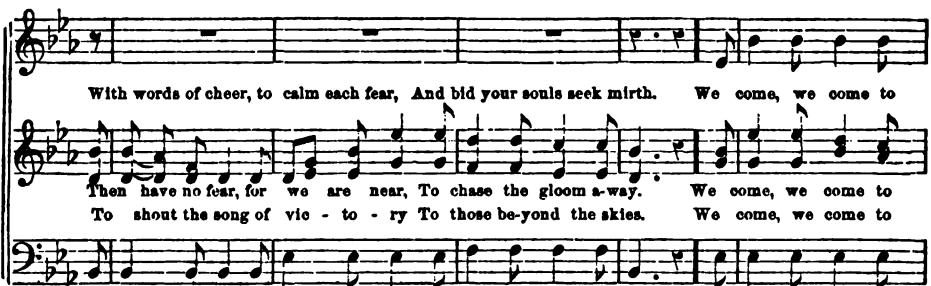


make your pathway bright; To tell you of the An - gels' love, For err - ing ones of earth;

guard you on your way, And through the day should storms a-rise, And dim the sun's bright ray,

show new beauties there. When joy shall reign in ev - ery heart, A - gain we'll up - ward rise,

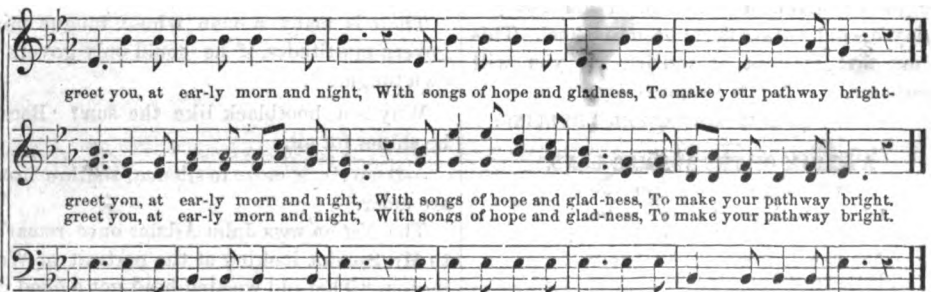
Chorus.



With words of cheer, to calm each fear, And bid your souls seek mirth. We come, we come to

Then have no fear, for we are near, To chase the gloom a-way. We come, we come to

To shout the song of vic - to - ry To those be-yond the skies. We come, we come to



greet you, at ear - ly morn and night, With songs of hope and gladness, To make your pathway bright-

greet you, at ear - ly morn and night, With songs of hope and glad-ness, To make your pathway bright.

greet you, at ear - ly morn and night, With songs of hope and glad-ness, To make your pathway bright.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1887, by Mrs. Lou E. Kimball, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of Illinois.